

## **JERU THE DAMAJA – PRESHA LYRICS**

intro:

this goes out to all my young brothers and sisters  
hold ya head, things ain't always what they seem

i'm about to give you a dose of reality  
real deal

{jeru the damaja

nowadays, records are played and superstars are made

still mothers in the ghetto, rent don't get payed  
as a result, bullets are sprayed and their sons are laid

it's no myth, in ghetto life, if you don't fight you fade

surviving in the streets, not a task for ordinary men

growing up in the hood, young black and supahuman

caught up in the game of blocks and cops run your block

intercourse with witches and hunted by warlocks  
for props, boos-hoot pop, another brother drops

he barely knew his pops,

now his little seed will barely know his pops  
tunnel vision like a cyclops

i give you x-ray vision with these supahuman eyedrops

my n-gg-s in the ghetto, give it everything you got

'cause until we reach the top, can't stop and won't stop

chorus 2x:

can you feel?  
the presha, the the the presha

hand over

the presha, the the the presha

{jeru the damaja

journalists write articles 'cause they can't write rhymes  
ever since i was a youth i dealt in crime  
now i'm trying to reach the youth, to preserve what's left  
there's a fork in the road, choose life or death  
there's too much stress, too many bullets for your vest  
temptress, suck ya best, exotic strains of syphilis  
the rest, rest in the earth, only the best progress  
it's you who think i see commercial success  
warning, this sh-t is real, this is not a test  
and what i express worth more than a lexus  
serve it like baby food, still hard to digest  
long -ss n-gg-s is mental slaves, i gotta protest  
chorus 2x  
{jeru the damaja  
baby in the crib, and dad got no loot for food  
so he do what he got to do  
keep it real, i don't playa hate ya  
god my divine nature,  
sent at this time to stabilize the structure  
we should all live like wise kings,  
now sing praise to the gutter  
the blazed double x, concealad like a box cutter  
brothers should be teaching, not murdering one another  
word, to the mother land, kill the other man  
lord of the concrete jungle, and tarzan was a black man  
swingin on vines vibin, been balancin the eco system  
and since there's no more n-gg-s in the ghetto, here i am

chorus 4x

(you got to deal with-instead of hand over)

meanwhile, back at supahuman klik headquarters...